

EXTRA WAS HE RESCUED?

Aeronaut Hogan May Be on An Outward Bound Vessel.

Two Pilots Saw Him Clinging to the Air-Ship.

He Waved a White Flag As If in Triumph.

This Was Before Pilot Phelan Saw the Wrecked Air-Ship.

The latest news of Campbell's air-ship was brought in this morning by the captain of the steamship Hogarth.

He made a statement to S. W. Houghton, Superintendent of the Maritime Exchange, saying that about 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning, in latitude 33.14 and longitude 72.50 he sighted a white object in the firmament, floating and tossing about at the mercy of a strong breeze which was blowing at the time.

He and his sailors gazed at the lonely object through powerful glasses for two hours, but decided that it was a balloon.

They could not make out exactly what it was, but decided that it was a balloon. Long strings trailed from the object which was egg-shaped, and fluttered and whipped about in a mechanical sort of way.

There was no sign of a living being about the thing.

After coming into port and reading the account of Prof. Hogan and the air-ship, the captain of the Hogarth decided that it was the balloon of the air-ship which he and his men saw, and so reported to Mr. Houghton.

Inventor Peter Campbell left his home in South Brooklyn at an early hour this morning to search for tidings of his lost air-ship and Prof. Hogan.

No further telegrams had been received by him since yesterday, and though all attempts to point to Hogan's death Mr. Campbell firmly believes that he has been rescued and will show up safe and sound sooner or later.

He has been seen by two pilots, who are told by Pilot Robert Sylvester and Jeremiah Rardon, of the pilot-boat David Caril, who saw the air-ship, with a man in it, about two hours and a half before the balloon was sighted by Capt. Phelan, of the pilot-boat Caprice.

Sylvester says that he first saw the air-ship about twenty-five miles south of Fire Island. It was coming up rapidly from the west, and seemed to be descending.

Thinking that it would strike the water somewhere near the vessel, he got in readiness to pick up the man, who could be plainly seen in the network underneath the oblong gas-bag.

As the latter seemed about to strike the water, however, the man observed to throw overboard a lot of ballast. This caused the balloon to rise rapidly, and it drifted by high in the air to the eastward, at the rate of about twenty miles an hour.

Capt. Rardon, who was also on board the David Caril, tells substantially the same story. It was 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon when he sighted the air-ship, at that time apparently about 200 feet in the air.

He also says that as the air-ship passed along the man hung out a white flag and waved it as much as to show that he was all right and did not want help.

No other vessels were in sight at this time, but Capt. Phelan, who saw the balloon about two hours afterwards, says that at that time there were several vessels in the neighborhood. The balloon must have passed them, and Hogan's friends in Brooklyn think that very possibly he may have been rescued by one of them, probably the one which was outward-bound.

In that case nothing would be heard of him till the vessel, which is unknown, reaches its destination.

William J. Fitzpatrick, of 451 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, who is a neighbor and friend of Mr. Campbell, said that while it was very strange that Hogan should have refused assistance, yet it was like him never to give up till the last moment.

He knew Hogan well, and said that he was a man of iron nerve and courage.

At the time he met the first pilot-boat he probably thought he was safe, or that as he was in the way of coasting vessels, he would hang on as long as he could in hope of meeting other craft further on, and so get more credit for his daring act.

The story that he might have been suffocated by escaping gas is scouted on every side, and the theory now is that the propelling or steering apparatus got out of order, and after the ascent was made, and Hogan lost control of the machine in consequence.

Mrs. Burrill, the wife of the Treasurer of the Air-Ship Company, was very much affected when the reporter of THE EVENING WORLD called at the house this morning. She wept hysterically and said it was cruel to send a man on such a dangerous trip. Her husband knew nothing of the ascension until after it had taken place.

ARGUING FOR THE NEW PARK.
Alderman Walker and a Number of Citizens at the Board of Street Openings Meeting.

The Board of Street Openings was in session this afternoon, and the Mayor's office was crowded by people who were interested for and against the proposition for the establishment of a public park on the site of the graveyard, corner of Chambers and Nassau streets.

The citizens and taxpayers of the Ninth Ward were present in force and were led by Alderman Walker, who urged the argument for the new park, and at a late hour he was still arguing.

THE MASHER HELD.

Mrs. Freedley's Persecutor in Jefferson Market Police Court.

The Lady Compromised by Her Landlady's Testimony.

All Women Should Be Protected from Mashers, Says Judge Gorman.

A very handsome, stylishly dressed young woman stood before a clerk in Jefferson Market Police Court this morning and entered a complaint against a well-built, light-complexioned, good-looking man who occupied one of the rear seats in the court-room with a couple of friends.

The woman was Mrs. Cora Freedley, of 348 West Thirty-second street. The man was Arthur Hartford, President of a steel manufacturing company, the whereabouts of which, however, could not be ascertained.

Mrs. Freedley complained that Mr. Hartford had stopped her on the street several times and persisted in speaking to her. According to her story she first saw him on Fourteenth street about a week ago. He stopped up and, with a winning smile, said to her:

"Be patient, but haven't I met you before?"

Mrs. Freedley did not notice him, and walked on. Monday evening, after procuring her mail from the St. James Hotel, she walked up Broadway. In front of the Coleman House she again met Hartford. He spoke to her again.

She turned on him indignantly: "You have made a mistake. I have never met you anywhere before."

She continued walking up to Thirty-fourth street with the persistent masher close behind. At the corner of Thirty-fourth street he stepped up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Now look here," he said, "I want you to go with me and do as I say, for I am a detective and will look you up if you don't."

"What do you mean? What have I done?" she asked.

"It doesn't make any difference. I want you to go with me."

"I won't go. I don't know you. Go away please."

"If you don't go with me," he replied, threateningly, "I'll have you railroaded to Blackwell's island."

She broke away from him, she says, and fled to her home, very much frightened.

Yesterday she made up her mind that his annoyances must cease. She called on Supt. Murray late in the afternoon, and after she had told her story Detective Sergeant Hanley was sent along with her. They walked down Broadway about 7 o'clock last night. When opposite the Coleman House Mrs. Freedley suddenly grasped the detective's arm.

"There he is," she whispered excitedly. Hanley walked up to the man. "See here," he said, "I want a few words with you."

"I don't care to talk to you," replied Hartford, at the same time bestowing a winning smile on Mrs. Freedley, who looked at the officer with a look of alarm.

"But I want you to talk to me," said Hanley. "I am an officer, and if you make trouble I shall be obliged to arrest you."

"You are not a policeman, and you can't arrest me either," said Hartford, in a loud voice.

Hanley, seeing there would be trouble, called Police Commissioner McQuinn to the scene, and together they took Hartford to the Thirtieth street police station.

Mrs. Freedley's pretty eyes were filled with tears when she heard her story, and Hartford, while she was talking, looked at her with a look of intense interest.

The man was taken to the Thirtieth street police station, and there he was held until the morning. He was then taken to the Thirtieth street police station, and there he was held until the morning.

"Where is your husband?" asked the lawyer.

"He is in Boston."

"You are sure he is there?"

"He was when I left him six weeks ago."

DUNRAVEN'S FINAL.

The Valkyrie Will Not Cut in for the Paine Cup.

She Will Only Cross the Sea if Trial Races Are Arranged

And the Regatta is Made an International Affair.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.] LONDON, July 19.—Lord Dunraven to-day gave his ultimatum, in answer to the challenge of the New York Yacht Club.

He will not send the Valkyrie across, he says, unless trial races are arranged for the champion yacht and make the regatta an international affair.

He will positively not let the Valkyrie go to cut in with the seventy-footers for the Paine Cup.

A reporter for THE EVENING WORLD called on Mr. Fred Tume, a member of the America Cup Committee, to-day, and asked for his interpretation of the above cablegram.

"The New York Yacht Club had its meeting yesterday, passed a resolution which I offered declaring that the Club should not put up any special cup for the race with the Valkyrie, but she can be entered in the regular Club events, the same as the other yachts."

"I presume that Lord Dunraven, in referring to a challenge, means that contained in one of his letters to our Club in June last. The Club will decline to enter into any such arrangement as that proposed."

Mr. Thomas Manning, of the New York Yacht Club, also said that the Club could not entertain such a proposition as that contained in the cablegram.

MURDERER COOK CAUGHT.

OFFICERS INVADIED HIS FORTRESS WHILE HE WAS ABSENT.

FRANKLIN, Mass., July 19.—Saladin Cook, charged with shooting Dennis Ryan Wednesday, was arrested last night by Officers Morris and Nickerson, of Franklin.

Cook was captured in the cellar of his home, where he had left his guns while he went to Franklin to buy some fish.

The officers secured the firearms and secured themselves to await Cook's return, and when he appeared captured him, after a brief struggle.

The farm where the shooting was done is partly in Massachusetts and partly in Rhode Island.

Cook elected to go with the Massachusetts officers and will appear before Justice Warren here to-morrow forenoon.

In conversation with the officers he exhibited no signs of insanity.

YACHTS AT NEWPORT.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB FLEET ARRIVES UNEXPECTEDLY AT THAT PORT.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] NEWPORT, R. I., July 19.—The yachts of the Atlantic Yacht Club arrived here late last night and early this morning.

Their arrival here was unexpected, and as no guns were fired by the yachts as they dropped anchor, the first reports concerning the prisoner held by the police in connection with the latest Whitechapel murder, there has come out again the story that he has confessed the commission of all the mysterious murders in the Whitechapel series.

He is said to have given to the police the dates, names and circumstances in all the cases.

There is no doubt that the man is a lunatic, yet the police think he may possibly be telling them the truth and that he may be the real Jack the Ripper.

Outside parties, however, are very incredulous and think that if the murderer is caught the capture will be a much more dramatic affair than in the present case.

ARRAIGNED AT PURVIS.

Parties Charged With Aiding and Abetting the Big Fight.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] PURVIS, Miss., July 19.—The parties so far apprehended on charges of aiding and abetting in the recent Sullivan-Kilrain prize-fight were arraigned here to-day and released on bail to appear at the next term of the Marion County Court.

CAUGHT!

The London Police Believe They Have the White-chapel Murderer.

HE HAS MADE A CONFESSION.

The City Greatly Excited Over the Report.

The Prisoner a Stalwart Englishman, and Evidently Crazy.

5.30 P. M.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.] LONDON, July 19.—It now looks as if the real Whitechapel murderer had been captured.

His story is now believed by the police. In a confession the man gives dates and full details.

He says that he had to watch the police for hours before he could accomplish his crimes. He has given minute and sickening accounts of his atrocities.

LONDON, July 19.—The city was excited this morning by a rumor that the police had captured the perpetrator of the Whitechapel outrages and that the murderer had made a full confession of his crimes.

The police at Scotland Yard denied the rumor, and the report finally settled into the story that a man had been arrested for the murder of the woman Mackenzie, alias Kelly, whose body was found in Castle Alley two nights ago.

The prisoner is described as an Englishman, tall, strongly built and fair in complexion.

He is said to have confessed to the murder of the woman and to have told that the wounds were inflicted with a pocket knife.

He is said to have told a rambling story and to be evidently of unsound mind.

He declared he had no home, but travelled about and had just come to London from the continent.

Outside parties, however, are very incredulous and think that if the murderer is caught the capture will be a much more dramatic affair than in the present case.

BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

National League.

American Association.

Atlantic Association.

Year Ago To-Day.

League.

Year Ago To-Day.

League.

Year Ago To-Day.

League.

Year Ago To-Day.

League.

Year Ago To-Day.

GIANTS LOSE.

This Wasn't the Day for Them to Climb by Hoosier Help.

THOUGH IT OPENED THAT WAY.

Music for Gotham Cranks at Start, but Not at Finish.

New York 8

Indianapolis 9

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] NEW YORK, July 19.—The indications of unseasonably showers were so evident that the attendance at the second game between the Giants and Hoosiers was smaller than at any game played on the new grounds.

Nothing could take on a more threatening appearance than did the sky a half hour before the time set for game.

The clouds, large, blue-black and ugly-looking, were scurrying over the grounds and away to the north.

Jim Mutrie, rized out in his fourth new suit, batted about the stand and said rude things about the weather, and told every one how his Giants would look to-morrow in the new suits Tim Keefe has made for them.

Work on the bleaching stands is about done, and to-morrow the grounds will have a seating capacity for 8,500 or 9,000 people.

When everything is completed the crowd which every afternoon congregates on the hillside back of the grounds, and from that vantage point takes in the game, will have to seek new pastures or else put out the price necessary to gain admittance to the grounds, for high blind fences are already in process of erection, and by to-morrow they will effectively cut off the view of the game from the hillside.

The Champions came to bat first again to-day and fifteen hundred or so spectators listened to the game as pronounced by Umpire McQuinn.

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EXTRA

BRIAN BORU

Victor for the Montauk Handicap Over Ten Booker.

TEA TRAY MAKES A FAST MILE.

Quesal Ran a Great Race After Getting a Bad Start.

RACING GOOD AND EXCITING.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] BRIGHTON BEACH RACE TRACK, July 19.—Though the weather was threatening it did not lessen the attendance at Brighton Beach to any extent. The track was in fine shape and the racing good and exciting.

The racing began as usual with a dash for two-year-olds.

Reclaire, with Taylor up, was made such a hot favorite that she was barred in the auction pools.

Those who bet on her in the mutuels were very glad when the race was over, as Prince Howard nearly knocked her down on the backstretch.

She lost a lot of ground by this, but Taylor not her together again, and waiting patiently, he came with a rush at the finish and won by two lengths.

It was then that her backers heaved sighs of relief.

Miss Coyle was made the favorite for the second race, but was never in it. Quesal, who got away badly, ran a great race and hard ridden by Hergen won by half a length.

Billy Lakeland's Ten Star was the favorite for the third race, but was never in it. Quesal, who got away badly, ran a great race and hard ridden by Hergen won by half a length.

Fourth race—Two-year-olds to carry 110 lb., three-quarters of a mile. (Taylor) 1, (Wynburn) 2, (Wynburn) 3, (Wynburn) 4, (Wynburn) 5, (Wynburn) 6, (Wynburn) 7, (Wynburn) 8, (Wynburn) 9, (Wynburn) 10, (Wynburn) 11, (Wynburn) 12, (Wynburn) 13, (Wynburn) 14, (Wynburn) 15, (Wynburn) 16, (Wynburn) 17, (Wynburn) 18, (Wynburn) 19, (Wynburn) 20, (Wynburn) 21, (Wynburn) 22, (Wynburn) 23, (Wynburn) 24, (Wynburn) 25, (Wynburn) 26, (Wynburn) 27, (Wynburn) 28, (Wynburn) 29, (Wynburn) 30, (Wynburn) 31, (Wynburn) 32, (Wynburn) 33, (Wynburn) 34, (Wynburn) 35, (Wynburn) 36, (Wynburn) 37, (Wynburn) 38, (Wynburn) 39, (Wynburn) 40, (Wynburn) 41, (Wynburn) 42, (Wynburn) 43, (Wynburn) 44, (Wynburn) 45, (Wynburn) 46, (Wynburn) 47, (Wynburn) 48, (Wynburn) 49, (Wynburn) 50, (Wynburn) 51, (Wynburn) 52, (Wynburn) 53, (Wynburn) 54, (Wynburn) 55, (Wynburn) 56, (Wynburn) 57, (Wynburn) 58, (Wynburn) 59, (Wynburn) 60, (Wynburn) 61, (Wynburn) 62, (Wynburn) 63, (Wynburn) 64, (Wynburn) 65, (Wynburn) 66, (Wynburn) 67, (Wynburn) 68, (Wynburn) 69, (Wynburn) 70, (Wynburn) 71, (Wynburn) 72, 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